

infinite, undying by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: AU: Mike is also an experiment, AU: No Upside Down, Enemies to Lovers, F/M, aged up: mike is 14 el is 14, like in the show at the hand of the scientists, mentions of abuse, more tags to come, pyrokinetic!mike, this is every teen dystopian scifi novel

Language: English

Characters: Connie Frazier, Eleven (Stranger Things), Kali Prasad, Martin Brenner, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

When Hawkins Lab and Department of Energy officially decided to merge, it was discovered both factions had been experimenting on children in order to create super spies.

011, a tekekinetic, was from the Hawkins Lab side. "Mike," a fire manipulator, was from the DoE side.

As a part of the merger, the two sides created a training facility for the kids to work on their powers, including fights in order to test their weaknesses.

011, once the pride and joy of Hawkins Lab, faces new competition from Mike, and develops an intense rivalry that will either cause their downfall or save them both.

infinite, undying

Author's Note:

so this is based on some headcanons i wrote on my tumblr @eleventhemage [here](#)

011's only life was at the Lab. The closest she came to the outside was staring through the windows of her cell, pulling her bookcase on top of her bed to peek through the reinforced glass.

The trees so tall, the snow so white. She wanted to reach through and touch. But she never did. She never could.

Instead of outside, in her memories, she was in rainbow rooms and examination rooms with the other children, all different colors and sizes and ages. She liked them more than the larger and older scientists. Their gloved hands often touched her cruelly and grabbed her away.

But the other children were nice. They played together, they hugged. Their touch didn't hurt.

Now everything was sterile and white, taken away from everyone else. Isolated and examined by distant scientists who no longer dared to touch her. So many of them came and went she couldn't keep track, and their faces blended together into blank, inquisitive faces.

Except for Papa. His face she had known all her life. Thin and tan, with white hair and steel blue eyes. So much taller than her all her life, like staring up at a tree.

While sharp, his face was familiar, but his touch just caused her to be more anxious.

In her lone cell, she slept with only a fairy tale book. She thought of the other kids, especially the girl with the dark skin and dark eyes, 008. They were friends, and she hadn't seen her in years.

The scanner beeped and her door opened, and she scrunched her eyes shut, pretending to be asleep. *No more tests, no more needles, please.*

Papa came in and sat at the foot of her bed. She kept her eyes closed, no matter how familiar his face was. All he wanted from her was to hook her to machines lately, making her spy on people in other rooms, hear their voices. So many machines and tests. She was almost always bleeding from her nose, she was straining so much to do her best. She was so tired, and now he was waking her? Must be bad.

His hand pressed against her shoulder.

"011, I have something I must share with you. Wake up. It's important."

Even hearing this, she continued to feign sleep. *Please don't hurt me.*

"011," He said, and his fingers dug into her shoulder, forcing her eyes open.

"Papa?" She asked, voice soft with pretend-sleep.

"There's something you must know," He said. She sat up a little, shoving the book under her pillow. He gave it to her, but she was supposed to be asleep. "Due to a change in leadership, we are going to be moving to another facility."

Not that she was asleep before, but she was definitely more alert now. Her eyebrows furrowed and her mouth opened but he kept talking before she could.

"We are leaving tomorrow, due to a merger."

Faintly, she mouthed *merger*, wondering what it meant.

"And due to it, we are postponing your recon missions," He said. She swallowed. The Darkness? She no longer had to go into the Darkness? "And you will be assimilated back with other children."

011 sat up straighter. The other children? "008?" She asked, excitement seeping into her voice. "009?" Those were her favorites. It had been so long since she'd seen them.

He rubbed her shoulder, but she still flinched. "Yes, they're both still

here. Our new... *team* has decided we are going to utilize you in other ways.”

She didn't want to know how. She didn't dare to ask how they'd use her.

But thankfully, he said, “Go to sleep. We're leaving to the new Facility tomorrow in a few hours. We need to show how good you are. There's a lot riding on this.” For a moment, his fingers clenched around her shoulder.

She nodded, and he let go. She was alone again.

011 dreamed of 008, specifically of the day where she made her see snow. She still couldn't touch it, but she was able to dance around it. She and 008 laughed and danced. 008 could make anybody see what she wanted. And she only made her see beautiful things. She missed her so much.

That day was right before she was taken away from them all. To be what the other scientists called “Brenner's Pet Project.”

For once, that night, she didn't have have nightmares.

011 woke up the next day to the sound of the door opening. A scientist walked in who wasn't Papa. This was “Ray.” A big man who was always so cruel. If she ever failed Papa, he threw her into a room, or held her to the shock stick. He punished, and he did it with no remorse.

He wasn't holding the stick today. Just a needle.

011 held a hand out and used her abilities to push him back through the doorway. She held it shut, the pain in her head making her scream. The door burst open and now five scientists were on the other side.

They grabbed her, and she kicked her head to the side. Was she still screaming? One flew off her, but then they stabbed her with a needle.

No more needles, She thought as everything started to turn black. *No more.*

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Mike remembered life before the Department of Energy. Well, he remembered one moment. He remembered a woman, with curly hair and dark brown eyes and pink lips. She was so close to his face, and she was smiling at him. She spoke to him, but he couldn't hear her. Or at least couldn't remember what she said.

But then the memories were replaced with nothing, and then the next woman in his life was silver-haired and blue-eyed. Connie Frazier, head of the Department of Energy's Montauk Division, dominated his memories and nightmares.

For the first half of his life, his life was all scientists in lab coats sticking him with needles, injecting him with "medicine" that made him throw up over and over. He was so sick and pale, and the only time people touched him was to plunge needles into his arm.

But then he turned 9-years-old, and one needle didn't make him sick. Connie was so thrilled, she actually smiled. "Give him more," She told them.

He squirmed as they injected him with another needle. Then another, and he felt this pure heat course through him, like he had a fever of a billion. It was worse than throwing up. He felt like his body was on fire.

"Stop," He croaked out, begging. But they didn't listen.

"Keep going," Connie ordered, and once again another dosage.

And then he heard a click of a lighter from outside the hallway, and even though he was strapped down with leather restraints, he extended his fingers towards it, inexplicably drawn to the feeling of flame.

Suddenly, the room was engulfed in fire. Muffled, he heard screaming that might not have been his. Even as he thrashed, another needle plunged into him and then darkness.

Mike woke with a hard jostle, the lead-lined truck shook as they were transported. The metal was cold and quiet. His heartbeat was erratic,

as it often was another nightmare of his past. He was no longer a scared little kid, but a young man now, nearly 15. He took a deep breath. He was okay. He had an understanding of what was happening to him.

He tried to stretch his neck, but it was hard with the restraints.

His hands were chained to the wall in his iron gloves, long used to the weight in the long drive. He had been wearing them ever since the Treatment worked, unless they were testing his ability. He still remembered the pure fear that shot through him as fire erupted from his palms. It was just so *warm*-

Mike forced himself to stop, and he focused on the faces around him. After he had gotten his powers, he spent the next part of his life in rooms with five other children: Delta, Hotel, Juliett, Oscar, and Romeo. They all had been given medicine that made them like Mike, but still different ways.

Delta, with her wild blue curls, pink eyes and pale skin, could shapeshift into any person she saw. To keep her docile and in her “base form” as Connie keeps calling it, she’s constantly hooked to an IV drip to knock her out. Unless they needed her for Testing, then they made her shift into people. Her transformation was... terrifying.

Hotel could manipulate the wind. He was cool, probably his second favorite. Like Mike, his hands were gloved but to the floor, but not up shoulder-level like his own. He was asleep, snoring softly.

Juliett was sweet, around his age apparently. They got their abilities around the same time. Connie who liked to force them to pair up. Juliett could harness electricity, and Mike could make it start fires. She was small and blonde and blue eyed. She wore rubber gloves. She was asleep, but softly.

Fleetingly, Mike dared to look at Oscar, shackled in steel gloves. His least favorite, that kid was cruel, with his dark black hair and dark brown eyes. Oscar could manipulate water, and their fights were always won by him, and Mike ending up getting punished. Oscar was always hard on him. Thankfully, he was asleep. He even looked evil like that.

He looked around for Romeo. But he wasn't there. Romeo was gone. Romeo, with the light brown hair and the dark brown eyes. They were closest.

"Where's Romeo?" Mike asked, tugging against his gloves to get a better look. No one answered him. He went to his next closest friend and kicked him in the leg.

Hotel woke with a jolt. "Huh?"

"Where's Romeo?" He repeated.

Hotel exhaled then looked around the dark truck's room briefly. "He's not here?"

"No. Did Connie tell you?"

"Connie doesn't tell me shit," Hotel said, settling in. "I'm sure he's in another truck."

Mike wasn't sure. He had found the NATO phonetic alphabet in a book he had to set on fire. There were only six of them, but 26 letters of the alphabet. Where did the other kids go? And now Romeo was gone?

Again, the truck jolted, and it tugged on his chain. Mike grimaced. With this new facility they were going to, he might never know what happened to him.

He looked down back at Hotel, already back asleep. Mike frowned tightly. He hoped Romeo was okay.

But he knew for certain he wasn't going to be.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading!!! let me know what you think.